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JIM: (STAMPS FEET - OPENS DOOR) -- There wasn't any mail, Pete. There's the door-stuff. It's kind of hot.

BOB: Right over there, Jim. Kick it back where it belongs and shut that door. I can scarcely keep the house warm this morning with both stoves going.

JIM: It's plenty cold all right. I'm gonna move to a warmer climate. (SHUTS DOOR)

BOB: (LAUGHS) You say that every year, Jim, when the first cold spell comes. You ought to be glad it ain't as hot as it was last week. -- It's stopped raining, hasn't it?

JIM: Yes. That cold breeze lasted all night though. I'll bet it really snowed up at timberline.

BOB: Mr. I hope Jerry didn't get caught in it up there. Do you think he did, Jim?

JIM: Oh, don't worry about Jerry. He's learned how to take care of himself pretty well. I'm wondering about the sheep though. I'd like to know if Tom Wilson got his sheep out of Snake River Basin, before the snow hit 'em.

BOB: That could be a bad place to get caught in. I remember that trip I made with you over there about ten years ago.

JIM: Well if Wilson did catch the other side of Snowdrift Pass it's just not bad.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

BOB: There's somebody at the door. I guess it's Mary Railway,

JIM: (CALLS) Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

MARY: (BREATHLESSLY) Oh, my! Is that a terrible accident?

BESS: Why, Mary, you shouldn't have come out so early. It's so hot

MARY: Oh, I don't mind it, Mrs. Perkins, and - and - I was anxious to know if you'd heard from Jerry.

JIM: None, not a word. (CHUCKLES) I expect he's felt better though with a new coat last night if he'd known that someone was thinking about him.

MARY: Oh, I wouldn't help out - but that concerned about him.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Yes, of course, I understand. I wish someone would worry about me once in awhile, when I'm out in -

BESS: Oh, my goodness, how do you think I got all those gray hairs -

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Got a piece from that, Mary.

(PHONE RINGS)

JIM: (ANSWERING PHONE) Hello! Jim Robbins speaking. -- Why, hello Jerry, where's you A -- Salt Pond, what is there some of there? -- Drifts in the park, eh? (PAUSE) Yes! -- Yes! -- Great Scott! You must be about all in now. -- Yes -- Of course I will. You better come on in Jerry. -- Well, don't worry. I'll get there as soon as possible. So-long, you. (HANGS UP)

MARY: Oh, Mr. Robbins, is he all right?

JIM: Sure. Had a fine good trip over the park though. He says that Wilson's boat is away for about the other side of Bonanza's Pond and he wants me to bring him to get it out. He'll wait for me at the lake.

BOB: Oh, Jim, I do hope you can give them what a day
 MARY: How do you get them out, Mr. Robinson?
 JIM: Well, just back as drive in enough horses to back pull the
 ice through the snowdrifts in the pass. I reckon you'll
 figure out my other way.
 BOB: You'll surely get help, won't you?
 JIM: Yes. I'll take quite a party to break trail over your place,
 and I'll need help. I swear I'll give you Stubby Bright
 and his string at the Dodge Ranch. Give me your word for it
 I won't while I get out of here?
 BOB: Of course, Jim.
 MARY: (EXCITEDLY) Oh, Mr. Robinson, what I do wish you
 would, Mary, would please to do this.
 JIM: You know I try, I'm afraid you'll like.
 MARY: But I can stand it if you can, Mr. Robinson, and I give you
 the best of help about the work.
 JIM: Please. This is pretty good, but you are a woman.
 BOB: Jim Robinson, when I was Mary's age I used to be able to ride
 any trap you could. Don't you remember the time when we
 JIM: You sure could. Well. (CONTINUED) Well, Mary is you must be
 around that corner house, you -
 MARY: Oh, goodness. I'm going to get dressed right now. I'll be back
 on the time you and the horses come. (BOTH GO) Goodbye.
 Mrs. Robinson.
 JIM: (CALLS) Don't forget to bring your own horse.
 (INTERNAL AND MARY)

(SOUND OF SEVERAL HORSES PLODGING THROUGH SNOW - CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JIM: Well, Mary, we made that trip pretty quick

MARY: Didn't we?

JIM: Having the horses along so we could change off helped a lot.
are you cold?

MARY: No, just shivery. My, you'd never believe it would snow so
much up here when it didn't snow at all down in Windy Creek.

JIM: Well, it's pretty high elevation up here. Pretty high up.
It's going to clear, looks like. If the wind would just
die down it wouldn't be so bad. (DOG BARKS) (OFF)

MARY: Aren't we almost to Brights? I heard a dog barking.

JIM: Yep, - whoa Dolly - (HORSES STOP) You'd better run in and
warm up a minute, Miss. There's Stanley out by the barn.
(CALLS) Hello, Stan

STAN: (OFF) Hello, Jim. (COMING UP) Good mornin', Miss Halloway.
Get down. Come in and git warm.

JIM: Haven't much time, Stan. Miss Halloway'll run in a minute,
I s'pect. Whoa Dolly --

STAN: What you folks goin'? Elopin'? (LAUGHS) Yeh hosses look
like it. (ALL LAUGH)

JIM: Nope. (CHUCKLES) You know 'bout how Mary had a little
lamb, Stan? Well, the darn woolie run off. Followed Tom
Wilson over into Bonanza Basin and got stuck in this snow.
We're going to rescue him.

STAN: (PERPLEXED) Lamb? What in thunder are yuh talkin' about?

MARY: Oh, he's just trying to kid me, Mr. Bright. Mr. Wilson's
sheep are up there -- and Jerry --

BRIGHT: Jerry, huh? Mary's lamb. I gotcha (LAUGHS) (SERIOUSLY).

But what you goin' with all the business, Jim?

JIM: Jerry phoned from Bald Peak this morning. Said the signs
ought to be Wilson's sheep in Banana Basin. They couldn't
get over Snowdrift Pass -

BRIGHT: Jesus Christ! How'd Jerry get over?

JIM: He booked through to Deaf Dan's shack somehow. Stayed there
till day light, and found some old snowshoes and used it up
to the lookout -

BRIGHT: Well if he got out, you don't have to worry about the sheep
and his changed woolies, do you? Let me guess, I'd say -

JIM: Maybe you don't like woolies mixed up with your doves, Sam,
but we've got to help him out in this emergency.

BRIGHT: I 'low so, Jim.

JIM: Well, I'm startin' for Snowdrift Pass in about ten minutes.
Stay.

BRIGHT: Jim, if I didn't know you so well I'd think you was crazy -

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Kinda figure that way myself sometimes (SERIOUSLY)
But Wilson's is a tight hole. Everything he's got is tied up
in those sheep. I got to help him - same as anyone else.

BRIGHT: I 'low you're right, Jim. You've done us several good turns
too - but blast my hide, Jim, it'd take twenty horses to
break a trail over Snowdrift Pass today.

JIM: Well, I've got four here -

BRIGHT: Meaning I can throw in sixteen more, I suppose (BAGGASTIC)
You don't want much, do you?

JIM: Stan, if I didn't know you so well I'd think you were a real hard-boiled horse from Powder River (CHUCKLES)

BRIGHT: You old son of a gun. (LAUGHS) I believe you could serve a fellow shank steak and make him like it (GALLS) He, you, Slick? S-l-i-c-k? (PAUSE)

VOICE: (OFF) Wanting want, boss?

BRIGHT: Saddle my horse and turn the whole string out up the Blue Lake road.

VOICE: (OFF) Sure pop, boss. What's gonna do? Where 'am on Angelbills?

BRIGHT: Aops, I'm again' to make sharp horses out of 'em.

MARY: (COMING UP) Are you ready, Mr. Robbins?

BRIGHT: In about a minute, Miss Holloway (LAUGHS) Jim thinks you might need help to rescue that little lamb.

MARY: (LAUGHS) Well, Mr. Bright, it's certainly nice of you to help us.

JIM: I'm appreciatin' it, too, Stan.

BRIGHT: Go on, you ol' horse thief. You don't think I'm going to all this work just to save them woolies, do you?

VOICE: (OFF) Here's your horse, Stan.

BRIGHT: Thanks. Whoa, Sandy — all set, Slick? Turn 'em loose.

(HORSE RUN BY) (MEN TELL) (HORSE BELLS RING)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(FADE IN WITH SOUND OF SEVERAL HORSE PLODDING)

JIM: Well, here's Blue Lake, but she ain't so blue today. (YELLS)
 Doggone yuh, Snip, go on there.

MARY: (ANXIOUSLY) I don't see anything of Jerry

JIM: I reckon he'll be at the campground. Whoa Zip -- (HORSES
 STOP) Yep. There he is over there - stompin' 'round in the
 snow. (CALLS) Hi, Jerry.

JERRY: (OFF) Hi, Jim. Hello, Stan. I see you made it all right.

MARY: (CALLS) Hello, Jerry.

JERRY: (COMING UP) Why, Mary, what in the world are you doing up
 here?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) We just brought Mary along for a guide

JERRY: Yeah? Mary, you shouldn't have come up here.

MARY: (SNIPPY) Why shouldn't I?

JERRY: That trip over the pass is terrible. The snow's drifted
 five feet deep some places.

BRIGHT: Come on, we'd better be movin' then. These hosses're gettin'
 restless. They might break back on us. (YELLS) Snip yuh
 ol' devil. Get back there. (HORSES RUN)

JIM: Sure, Stan. We'll hafta keep movin' if we get over and back.
 Snow's spittin' again.

BRIGHT: We'd better change hosses before we start. I'll rope Snip
 fer yuh, Jerry. The ol' scallawag wants to turn back all the
 time.

JIM: I reckon we'd better change too Mary, and turn Buck and Zipper
 loose -- Stan, old Buck's been over that pass so many times,
 I believe he'll lead the heavy right across -- whoa, Zip

BRIGHT: Guess I'd better rope you horse, too Miss Mary. That permit of yours might get lost in all that snow.

MARY: I'll bet you a cookie, Mr. Bright, that Tricket will go through as well as that big squirrel of yours.

JERRY: Mary, you'd better not try to go over the pass.

MARY: (INDIGNANT) Indeed I will. I'm going right along.

JIM: Well, let's go then. I'll take the lead 'till we get 'em started up the pass. Come on, Dolly. (SOUND OF HORSES PLACING - BELLS JINGLE - MEN YELL - FADEOUT)

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

(FADEIN WITH SOUND OF HORSES)

BRIGHT: (CALLS) You'd better let the masses lead now, Jim. Hold up 'till we run 'em by you.

(TRAMPING THUD OF HORSES UP)

JIM: (CALLS) That's I tell you, Stan, look at old Buck leadin' right on up. Knows the trail better'n I do!

BRIGHT: Bucking right through like a snow plow, ain't he? Good thing it's soft.

JERRY: The snow's deep in there too. Hope he don't get stuck in that drift. I saw a herd time gettin' through it last night.

JIM: It's sure packing up the pass all right. Look at old Buck. He's sising it up. I'll be amazed if he ain't turning back. Must be pretty deep.

BRIGHT: (CALLS) Look out Jerry, they're all turning. (YELLS) Hey, get back there, you. Good, Bless. Good that blue devil, Jim.

(HORSES PLACING - PUFFING - BELLS JINGLE - MEN YELL)

JIM: They're all right now. I'll go along with Dolly and try to break through. Come along old girl (GLUCKS)

(HORSE PLODS - MEN YELL AT HORSES. OFF)

JERRY: (EXCITEDLY) Great guns. Dolly's in there. Near up to her neck. Look at 'er plow through. Oh - oh, she's down.

MARY: Oh, Jerry, I hope Mr. Robbins isn't hurt.

BRIGHT: He's all right Miss Mary. See 'im crawlin' out! (CHUCKLES)
Looks like a snow-man.

JERRY: Yeah. He's giving us the high sign.

BRIGHT: No use trying to push the cavvy through - they'll break back on us. If you can hold 'em, Jerry, I'll take a whirl at it with Snapper.

MARY: Let me try Trinket, Jerry.

JERRY: What's the idea? You can't get through there.

BRIGHT: (LAUGHS) She'd sure get lost with that little runt of a horse. I bet that drift's five feet deep anyhow.

MARY: (ANGRY) You men think a girl can't do anything. I'll just show you. Come, Trinket - come Trinket (HORSE PLUNGES - RUNS)

JERRY: (CALLS) Hey! Come back here, Mary - Can you hold the cavvy, Stan? I'd better go stop 'er.

BRIGHT: Let 'er go. She can't get hurt much in that soft snow. Deacon, she's buckin' right in. Jim's trying to stop 'er, too.

JERRY: Boy, look at that little horse plunge. Gee, she's darn near out of sight.

BRIGHT: Blamed if I don't think she's going to make - (EXCITEDLY)
She is! She's through, by golly!

JERRY: (SHOUTS) Good work, Mary! You made it!

BRIGHT: Some bookin', I'd say. There goes the horse. (SOUND OF HORSE)

JERRY: No more trouble now. The top is wind-swept as clean as a floor. Come on, Skip. (HORSE PLOP)

BRIGHT: Them sheep ought to make it easy now. The horse broke a way as wide as a road.

JERRY: They sure did. It'll be easy now - (CALLS) Mary you did nobly - some rider, I'll say.

MARY: (COMING UP) Oh, Jerry, it was glorious. Thinket never stopped plumbin' till she was through.

JIM: And it's damn lucky she didn't. She'd've stuck there like glue. I tried to stop her, Jerry, but she went by like a cyclone.

BRIGHT: (LAUGHS) I sure I'll have to give you fellows a few lessons on how to handle yer women-folks.

MARY: (LAUGHS) I guess it was a pretty thing to do but I just had to try it.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) You're all right, Miss. Got us through in a hurry -- say -- isn't that Tom Wilson's outfit down there -- what does himsay? Something's a'going.

JERRY: Yeah, that's Wilson. We've been trying to reach her with our mules, but I guess he didn't get very far.

BRIGHT: I (he would better run the carry down to 'em and do the job up right.

JIM: Yep. We'll help 'im pull out his kind of sheep presto. Mary there's no need of your going down. He'll be right back if Wilson's all right.

BRIGHT: Jerry'd better stay, too, and chastise 'er for being so head-strong, don't you think, Jim? (LAUGHS)

JIM: (LAUGHS) I reckon so -- she sure needs it.

MARY: (LAUGHS) Do I?

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Well, it isn't so easy riding bareback downhill. Maybe I --

BRIGHT: (LAUGHS) Yore shure right, Jerry. Come on, Jim. (YELLS) Hide out, you broom-tails! Spot! Blaze!

(HORSES RUN -MEN YELL)

JERRY: (CALLS) Be sure to get Spark.

MARY: See them go, Oh, Jerry, I'm glad I could come. Isn't it glorious up here?

JERRY: It sure is, Mary - Say, Mary, you sure were great, going through that drift. I'm sorry I squawked about you coming up here.

MARY: Are you, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah. -- You're all right. I -- I wouldn't mind you being with me any time.

MARY: (SWEETLY) Thank you, Jerry.

JERRY: In fact --

MARY: What, Jerry?

JERRY: In fact, all the time.

MARY: Oh, Jerry!

(FADEOUT)

ANNOUNCER: Well, it looks like everybody's happy up above timberline --
And I guess Tom Wilson, the sheepman, will be happy too. It's
a serious matter to be caught by a snowstorm with a big
band of sheep in the mountains, but now with the help of the
Rangers and their friends, he'll have no trouble getting his
sheep over the pass.

Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will not be with us next Friday,
but two weeks from today, they'll be back again.

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